

THE LIGUORIAN



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A SAINT FOR THE C. Y. O.

(Written on reading the life of "Van," a Redemptorist novice who died a few years ago. The life has been written by R. J. Miller.)

Dear Lord, we hope it isn't rude
Or blasphemous to make complaints
Against your golden company
Of boyish patron-saints. . . .

Gonzaga of the downcast eyes
John Berchmans of the golden hair
And Stanislaus the novice lad
We own them grand beyond compare!

But shucks! It's hard to feel at home
With saints who spent the day indoors
And never glued their eyes against
The glass of penny candy stores;

Who never punched a fellow's nose
Or "shinnied" up an apple tree
And never mussed a wisp of hair
Beneath their crown of sanctity!

It's mighty tough to click with saints
Who never seem to smile
Lord, can't a saint just crack a joke
And laugh once in a while?

Lord, give us a saint with dusty pants
From sliding into "third";
A clean-cut rough and tumble sport
As lively as a bird.

A saint who knows the games we play
And understands our slang
The sort of kid we'd fight to make
The leader of our gang!

Please, Lord . . . Please throw Thy glory round
Some grinning Yankee freckle-face
Who plays as neatly as he prays
And sets us all a streamlined pace!

Far be it that we peek or poke
Into your Glory's hidden plan:
But we can hope your choice will fall
On someone close to us . . . like "Van."

— James Galvin, C.Ss.R.

ETCHINGS FROM LIFE

WHAT THEY ARE READING

L. F. Hyland

The young man approached the counter in the railway station where magazines were sold. He had a long trip before him and much time for reading. There were two or three hundred magazines on display. He eyed them greedily.

He gave but a short glance to the shelf of "quality" magazines — *Harpers', Scribners', Atlantic Monthly*, etc. "Too heavy," he commented to himself. He paused a little longer at the section containing the more or less decent story magazines — the *Post*, *Colliers*, *Red Book*, *Cosmopolitan*, etc. He went on to the section of "picture books" — *Life*, *Look*, etc. There were a few there that he had never seen. Pretty snappy looking! Girls dressed in bathing suits posing on the covers. Suggestive titles of things to be seen on the inside. Promises of scandal, revelations, secrets of beautiful bodies, etc. He glanced about slyly to see if any bystanders were looking, and then picked out the two most daring looking and put down his money on the counter.

He was about to leave, when his eye caught a row of still more sensational titles. "*Zippy Stories*," "*Sexy Secrets*," etc. He stood fascinated. He opened one surreptitiously and turned pale when he saw the obscene picture inside. He waited until there were few people standing about him, then picked out three such magazines almost at random, paid for them without letting his eye meet the eye of the attendant and almost ran off.

And when he had drunk in every nude picture, read every suggestive story, lingered over every obscene jest, he was a different man than when he approached the newsstand. A man to be afraid of. A man whose cultivated lust would add new sorrow to the sorrows of the world. . . .

* * *

The office force consisted mostly of girls and young women. They were all types and all modes. Oldish girls trying to look young, and youngish ones done up in old-fashioned ways. Blonds and brunettes; promoters of the "hair-up" school, and defenders of the "hair-down"

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school; gum-chewers and candy-nibblers; talkative ones and silent ones; the gay and the gloomy. But they had one thing in common.

An obscene book came into the office through the hands of one more daring than the rest. Before she showed it, she talked to the girl at the next desk about it. "It's a scream, kid, if you can stand the dirt. Sort o' calls a spade a spade. But is it funny! You'll die laughing." The set-up was perfect and a request as to where it might be gotten followed. The daring one immediately produced it from a drawer of her desk and handed it over.

Before noon everybody in the office knew about the obscene book. A schedule had to be prepared with the names of those who were to be privileged to read it in order. One reader prepared the next one by whispering of the dirt that would be found. An orgy of filthy jokes went the rounds as each one was reminded by something in the book of stories that had been heard.

Within a week the book had made the rounds. Twenty girls had dipped into the mud, or rather dragged themselves through it, coming out with a little more sophistication in their faces, a great deal more sin on their souls. There was a twenty-first girl. She had evaded everybody's effort to tell her about the book. When the last one had read it, she brought it to the twenty-first girl's desk and laid it before her. The latter's eyes flashed fire and her lips came together.

"Take that thing away," she said. "Take it away and burn it."

The girls nearby laughed in derision. But when they were alone, they almost wept to remember that one girl had shown them beauty and strength of character that they would never own.

* * *

The doctor pronounced the patient a victim of worn-out nerves. All the signs were there. Restlessness, sleeplessness, impossibility of settling down to an ordered life; hysterical periods of gaiety followed by hours of gloom and depression; intolerance with others, etc. He diagnosed it all and prescribed sedatives for quiet during the day and sleep at night.

The doctor could have prescribed better had he known all. The woman was a leader of society, a matron of distinction, a person of wealth. He did not know that she used much of her wealth on books, and on one particular kind of book almost to the exclusion of all others.

On a concealed shelf behind a tapestry in her room he might have seen them. Sex books, advertised by cheap publishing companies, trying

to make money on the evil instincts of bad men and weak-minded women; romances — not ordinary romances — but those that went in for page upon page of obscene descriptions; art books, that made art but an excuse for every kind of lasciviousness.

The doctor pronounced it an acute case of nervous breakdown. He had no way of finding out that her troubles all sprang from a moral breakdown, brought on by conscious and deliberate bad reading.

* * *

"Reading maketh a full man," said Bacon. But it can also make an evil man, a wicked woman, and a physical wreck out of both!

— From Stage to Real Life —

Some years ago when I was beginning my campaign for a popular Christian theatre, a company of professional actors was presenting, without any great enthusiasm, *La Farce du Pendu Dependu*, a religious drama.

The young actor who was playing the principal part seemed to be no more of a Christian than the others, and in fact was not a practising member of the Faith.

One evening, the day of the final dress-rehearsal, he took me aside in the wings and whispered: "Do you know that you have taught me to say my prayers?" "How is that?" I asked. "At the end of the second act, before I am to be hanged, you make me repeat the rosary in a corner of the stage." "Well?" "Well—I find I am saying it in earnest!"

This revelation, which astounded me at the time, was soon confirmed by a hundred other similar instances of a class, a college, a whole parish transformed by having lived on the stage for a few hours the life of a saint.

A priest in a Paris suburb told me: "Since my young people acted your play on *St. Maurice*, when they are confronted with a difficult problem of conscience, they ask, 'What would St. Maurice in the play have done?'"

The character has taken hold of the actor: the Divine Grace completes what the drama begins; for the drama in such a case is nothing else than the means which Grace uses to its ends.

— Henri Gheon in the Foreword of his play, *The Comedian*.

— Neutral? —

"On the Spanish question I am not neutral. I don't want to be neutral. I want to be fair, objective, and intellectually honest." — Bishop Alter.

BUDDHISM

F. A. Ryan

A form of religion that is often superficially likened to Christianity is Buddhism. In essentials, however, there could be nothing more different. A few of its principles may serve to show this essential difference, and the fundamental irrationality of the system.

Buddhism was founded by a man named Gotama about the year 500 B.C. in India. He had been brought up as a Brahmin, i.e. a believer in the predominant Indian religion which held that man's life is a series of reincarnations from one form to another, until perfectly purified of all evil, he could deserve to lose all individual consciousness by perfect union and identity with the pantheistic god Brahma. Gotama suffered a series of reverses in life, and decided that a new theory of life was necessary to obtain peace. This is what he evolved:

The only real peace that man can ever attain is to be found in Nothingness, i.e. in the loss of all consciousness. He called that state to be obtained "Nirvana," which, literally translated, means "the extinguishing" — the extinguishing of conscious existence. "Nothingness" is attained only by gradual elimination of every possible desire from one's body and soul. Therefore man must live in such a way that no desire is ever awakened; he must eat little and then only poor food; he must never marry; he must spend hours each day quietly contemplating nothingness until he gradually slips out of consciousness and into nirvana. An elaborate system of self-denial and asceticism for the attainment of nothingness was worked out, from which the likeness of Buddhism to Christianity is often drawn.

Had Buddha (the name given to Gotama after his death, meaning "the enlightened one") commanded all men to adopt his program, Buddhism would soon have died out. But to the masses of men who were expected to support him and his immediate followers by alms, he promised a heaven of very tangible and conscious delights if they would adopt some of his principles. He did this, he said, because the masses were not ready to seek nothingness as he was, and this promise of delights would win them to his new religion. He said, however, that after they had enjoyed these delights for a while, they too would seek nothingness.

In principle, then, Buddhism is the direct opposite of Christianity. Christianity teaches the nobility of the individual man and that happiness comes from the full and conscious development of all his powers; Buddhism teaches that man is so worthless that nothingness is his greatest reward. Christianity teaches self-denial for the sake of growth in conscious spiritual power; Buddhism teaches self-denial for the sake of self-annihilation.

OFF TO "SCHOOL"

Just a rather breezy expression of what certain thoughtful and prominent educators like President Hutchins of Chicago University, have been saying in four or five syllable words. Compare them.

E. F. MILLER

"Hiya, Toots! Hang up your bag and come down and sit with papa." "Well, I'll be darned! If it isn't old Roscoe himself just on time! What's in the suitcase, Roscoe? Enough to go around I hope." "Hey, you punks just getting on — bring your junk back here. Here's our gang." "Whoopee!" "Where's that lazy conductor! We can't sit here all day." "Say there, nigger, close the doors to this coach. There's too many in the car already. All right, if you won't close 'em, we will. Come on, fellows. Out of the way, black boy." A burst of song from a dozen fur-clad, silk-stockinged, freshly-waved, hatless coeds; an unbridled shout of laughter from a group of the boys; an unceasing roar of noise from freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and even seniors, and the train was ready to depart.

The date was January 3rd; the place, on board train in the main station of a large city; the company, a capacity crowd of young men and young women on their way back to the university after the Christmas holidays.

Potential presidents of the United States, these young people were, every one of them; potential business magnates too, or tycoons of high finance as such democratic contradictions are called, each one with a potential million dollars in his pocket to be scattered like a million crumbs to a million potential wretches who one day would be on hand to receive their bounty and largesse; but above all, potential patriots, speech-makers, flag-wavers — the backbone of the democracies by their love of democracy, whatever that is. Oppression in foreign countries, that they would read about in the papers, they would hate with a frenzy of hatred; justice in foreign countries, that they would read about in the newspapers, they would love with a mothers' love; America would they ever look upon as a substitute for heaven.

Great successes they were potentially, these young people, and they believed it, for they had been taught just that from their earliest years.

Not only in 4th of July speeches and political harangues which had seeped into their budding intelligences through their parents' conversation, but even in school text-books the impression was given them that America is the land of absolute equality where the negro and the hill-billy from the Ozarks can become a president and a millionaire just as easily as the blue-bloods from the East and the canny politicians; where equality of opportunity means equality in everything — brains, blood, brawn, money, pleasure; where the exclusion of titles like "My Lord" and "Marquis" and "King" and the substitution of the very plebeian "Mr." and "Mrs.," like "Mr. Rockefeller," and "Mrs. Roosevelt," means the exclusion of classes and privilege and the caste system.

Note the word "potentially." In reality, these university boys and girls causing such a disturbance in the train were not presidents or millionaires at all. They were only gods who had ascended their mountain top and like Jupiter were sending abroad their bolts of noisy thunder calling all and sundry who happened to be laboring under the curse of no longer being young to come and pay homage at their shrine. It was the cult of youth at the moment of sacrifice, and woe betide him or her who would dare refuse to put the incense of complete approval on the altar.

But the thing that is of interest is the University and what these boys and girls had to do with it. Why were they going to the University? True, one can't go by looks alone, but certainly most of them did not look like students, or grist for the University mill. Ditch diggers, street car motormen, men of leisure and travel, models in millinery shops, movie stars, bathing beauties many of them did resemble; but students, not at all. Why then were they going to the University?

The first reason can be found in the viewpoint and philosophy of misguided American leaders of yesterday who maintained that education is the sole religion of democracy and who managed to have their beliefs put into practice. "Educate 'em all," they cried out, "the dull and the bright, the quick and the slow, the rich and the poor. Make 'em go to school by law till they're wilted and wrinkled. Only thus can democracy succeed." That's why most of those boys and girls on the train were still going to school when they should have been tilling a farm or driving a truck. But that was only one reason. There were others.

Some were going to the University to play games. They had big letters on their sweaters to indicate this and a more or less vacuous and

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vacant stare on their faces to prove it. Of course, on this particular train were not many boys who intended to play the game of basketball, for that department of the University had departed for a tour of Hawaii in early fall in preparation for a tour of the Orient. The boys had to sacrifice their vacation at Christmas time in favor of their education, but gladly did they do it, even with a smile, proving thereby that inter-collegiate sport does bring out the best in a boy.

However, the squash, hockey, and hurling teams were present on the train, for their schedule of games with the Canadians in British Columbia, the English in London and Liverpool, and their fellow Americans in Texas did not begin till classes were resumed. Real college boys they were, chock full of the spirit of their University, and love of learning. Some of them even had books in their hands as they rode along. *Life* was being "read," also *Look*.

In this group might be placed those who were going to college to have fun, fun like platonic friendships and a dip into love. It was so much easier to have fun on and about the campus than it was at home. At home there were always the peering, peeping, prying eyes of parents and priests and ministers to find out everything that was being done, and the strong hand to stop whatever seemed the least bit off color. A man couldn't call his soul his own at home. But at the University fun abounded on all sides like berries on bushes. Take the numerous dances, for example, and the parties that the sororities held for the fraternities, and the fraternities for the sororities, always under such strict chaperonage and surveillance; or the midnight walks around the campus; or the numerous snacks at one of those Ye Shoppe places with Joe and Jim and Jack. Where in the world outside the University could such fun be found?

Other students on the train and their purpose in attending the University fall into two divisions: the "rich daddy" group, and the "wants-to-be-rich-daddy group."

When daddy has a lot of money, one of the accepted ways for him to spend a fraction of it is to send a son or daughter to a University. It is the proper thing for sons and daughters of such a daddy to spend daddy's money in that wise, and the expected thing. How would a young lady of blue blood feel, if on getting married, the daily paper could not carry an item like this: "Miss Gardenia Spank is a graduate of Miss Lillum's Seminary for girls, and of the University of Spodunk."

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But of course no paper could make such a statement unless Miss Spank actually spent four years at the place named. Truth demands it, and we in America from the newspapers down are such lovers of truth!

When daddy has not a lot of money, he can send his poverty in the person of his son or daughter to the University and thereby very possibly recoup his losses and liquidate his distress. By casting a careful eye over the field, selecting here and eliminating there, having a smile for this one and a frown for that one, cultivating the better fraternities and sororities, wearing a bold front and a wealthy manner when occasion demands it, who knows but that the knowing scion or the wise daughter might make a very fine catch. The University then would certainly turn out to be a good gamble—much better at any rate than the horses and the games of chance that men about town engage in to earn a meagre livelihood.

Though the above survey covers the ground fairly well, we must admit that there were some who were going to the University to learn something—to learn enough of something to hold one of the better jobs when they grew up to be men and women. Of course, they could do just as well, if not better, in that regard if they spent their off-time for a year or two in the Public Library; or if they apprenticed themselves out to a man who was actually doing the work they wanted to do; or if they attended a technical school that had such instruction as its only purpose. But of this they never thought. The University was accepted in their little circle as the stepping stone to a good job and to money. So to the University they had to go.

On the whole train there were few who were going to the University to acquire an education—to have the mind developed, culture broadened, the intellectual grasp of philosophical and practical problems sharpened. That kind of an education they considered a loss of time and a waste of money. They didn't want it; certainly they didn't have it so far, not even a trace of it. Their conduct on the train proved this beyond a doubt.

A sad situation indeed, but not the fault of the boys and girls. Whose fault? Nothing less than a book could answer that question.

Aspire to God with short but frequent outpourings of the heart.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

Unjust gain will bring you pain.—*Proverb.*

LITTLE OLD LADY

You shouldn't always look for heroes and heroines in newspapers and public arenas. Sometimes they are hidden in out-of-the-way places like the boarding-house that was "Granny's" home.

D. F. MILLER

ONLY the silver grey hair, combed back tightly against her head and done up in mysterious folds at the back, and the evenly distributed fine little lines in her face would indicate to you that "Granny" was 72. She was still active and supple; could start up quickly and move as rapidly as anyone else; she could prepare a meal or do a washing without any apparent ill effects. "Granny" was 72 all right; she seemed to be growing a bit smaller and thinner as the years rolled over her, but a cheerier and spryer little lady you never saw.

For years now she had had what she called a "mission." She was not really a grandmother; she had never been married at all. She was the sole surviving relative of "Nancy," her sister's girl who had been left an orphan by the death of her mother and the wanton abandonment of her father. Nancy had been three at the time of the catastrophe and it had been taken for granted by the various Aid Societies who had been resorted to that she would immediately be placed in an orphanage. They had reckoned without "Granny." She took Nancy right out from under their eyes and dared any one of them to try to take the girl away from her.

"She's my own flesh and blood," said Granny, (not yet 60 then) "and has no one else in the world. I'll take care of her — may the good Lord strike me sudden if I don't."

"But," they remonstrated, "you have no means to take care of a little girl. Where will you keep her? How will you support her?"

The question had been just, for Granny had only a single room in an old-fashioned boarding house, and only a job doing house-work as a means of subsistence. But her indomitable spirit would not even consider these objections.

"Just you leave it to me," she had said. "I'll find a way. Now go along with you and take care of the ragamuffins on the street that have nobody but strangers to look after them. I can take care of my own flesh

and blood." Granny liked that phrase "her own flesh and blood." A deep possessive, maternal instinct had been awakened in her, and the Aid Societies' representatives finally decided it was of no use trying to vanquish it. They left Nancy to Granny. Her education and happiness became Granny's mission.

THAT had been 15 years before. Those fifteen years were a shining example of what love and courage can do on almost nothing. For the first few years, Granny took Nancy into her single room in the boarding house, after an argument with the landlady that for sheer forensic power on both sides probably equalled anything that the courts of justice have ever heard. A compromise finally ended it when Granny offered to pay one dollar more a week for being allowed to keep Nancy. That was an anti-climax, however, for after a few weeks Nancy had won the hearts of everybody in the place including the landlady, and the dollar a week was more than made up for by the presents and clothes and knickknacks showered upon the child. And what had been a problem to Granny at the very time when she was demanding the right to keep Nancy in the boarding house, viz, who would take care of the child when she was away at work, became no problem at all. As a matter of fact, she was soon becoming jealous of the time she had to be away because of the rivals for the right to look after the child while she was gone.

But no one could have won Nancy's heart away from Granny. She had not had much love and attention before; her mother had been sick from the time of her birth, her father neglectful and affectionless even before he left her. Granny (from the beginning she had insisted that Nancy call her that — it seemed more intimate and "flesh-and-blood-like" than "aunt") mothered the child with a love that shone in her eyes and exalted her whole being, and won Nancy's heart completely; and at the same time with a wisdom that would put many a real mother to shame.

When school-age came, Granny sent Nancy to the parochial school. Out of her ten dollars a week, and the odd little sums Granny made here and there by sewing and fancy work, school books were bought, the little "extras" that all children need in school were provided, and Nancy was clothed as neatly and nicely as the rest. By this time the landlady had given them two rooms at no extra cost because Nancy was already able

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to be of help to her in many ways. So passed the years, swift years for Granny, in which she felt as if she were living her own youth again; good years for Nancy, in which she was developing into a beautiful, happy, soundly religious, cultured and capable young woman.

NANCY was nineteen. Granny sat before the window in her room, dreaming. To herself she was beginning to admit now that she was growing old. It was on that admission she based her right to "dream" a bit now and then. She rocked softly back and forth, her eyes just open enough to see the activity in the street below in a kind of haze. She saw children skipping along on the sidewalk. She saw a peddler standing beside his wagon haggling with a housewife. She saw young men and women passing by, arm in arm.

Yes, Nancy was nineteen. In a few weeks she would graduate from the academy. Then Granny's work would be done — her mission completely fulfilled. What then? Granny let her dreams run at will.

She dreamed of Nancy coming to her one day after her graduation. The love nourished and daily increased during all these years would be in Nancy's eyes. She would take Granny's hand and say to her:

"Granny, I've got a job. It's going to pay me more money than you and I have ever seen. We're going away from here, Granny. We're going to have a little home. It will be just a bungalow, with a living room and a dining room and a spotless little kitchen and our bedrooms. And we'll have flowers around the side of the house, and a lawn. And O Granny, we'll have a little dog, to keep watch and to keep you company while I'm at work during the day. Won't it be grand?"

And Granny dreamed herself saying, a little breathlessly: "It's too good, Nancy, it's too good to be true. All my life I've dreamed of a home like that — but —"

"But what, Granny?"

"You're going to have a home, Nancy, but it won't be my home. You're young and beautiful and good; and God will send someone to you who will say: 'Nancy, I'll build a home for you — the most beautiful home in the world'; and it won't be right to say no, because — because that's the way God made you — and I couldn't stand in His way."

Then Nancy would weep and protest, and Granny dreamed herself taking her in her arms and giving in and saying: "Don't leave me,

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Nancy. Don't go away from me. Take me with you — into that dream-home — for you and me."

So Granny dreamed and rocked. And twilight came like the old age that was on her and the wrinkled cheeks were wet with tears.

THE graduation ceremonies were over. There was great hand-shaking and congratulating and laughter and gaiety in the corridors and rooms and out on the lawns of the academy.

Granny moved about in a daze of excitement. Nancy had been awarded highest honors in her class and was constantly being called from one place to another, to pose for a picture, to meet friends' relatives, to show the award she had received. It was the greatest day of her life for Granny. Then out of her mind and into reality came her dream.

Nancy was standing beside her, clinging to her arm. Beside her stood a young man. Granny had to look up at him. He was tall and straight and clean-cut. He was at ease, even before the shafts of Granny's quick but penetrating, evaluating gaze.

"Granny," said Nancy, "this is Bob Redding — Rosemary Redding's brother. She won the music prize today. He wants — he wants to come home with us, Granny. Is it all right?" Nancy did not say that he had wanted to take her out for the evening. It was she who had suggested that instead they just go home — the three together.

Granny answered quickly. "Of course, Nancy. But you know we haven't much to offer anybody at home. Why don't you two go out to dinner together and maybe a show. Then you can come home if you want and we'll sit and talk. Go on now."

There was an argument, but Granny turned on a flash of humor and deceived everybody. Finally it was settled that Nancy and Bob were to go. . . .

It was almost twilight when the two young people left Granny at the boarding house and went off together. She walked slowly up the steps to the room she had been occupying for 25 years. She took off her little old-fashioned hat and laid it on the bed. She took out a hanger from the closet and folded her coat over it and put it away. She stood in the middle of the room and looked around. For the first time now in fifteen years she noticed how tired she was of the room. Of the faded, once pink, now yellow flowers on the wall-paper. Of the grim old dresser that stood like a fortress jutting out from one end of the room. Of the

spotted varnish on the baseboards and the worn spots in the ill-fitting rug. . . . It was old, and Granny had grown old along with it, but somehow she had not noticed it much until now.

She moved over to the window and sat down in her rocker. Twilight had fallen rapidly; she could scarcely make out the figures in the street. She rocked slowly back and forth. She wasn't dreaming now, she was afraid to dream; she was using all the courageous energy of her soul to keep from dreaming. . . . Then suddenly her energy gave out, and she was sobbing, sobbing like a child.

For five minutes she let herself go. She held her hands to her face, and the tears flowed through her fingers and ran slowly down the backs of her hands. Then slowly the sobbing diminished. She took a tiny little handkerchief from the sleeve of her dress and dabbed at her eyes, and wiped the wet tears off her hands. She got up determinedly and busied herself tidying up the room. . . . Nancy's first boy-friend would stop in with her after the show. Everything must be neat and clean.

BOB had come and had gone, and they had a hilarious little party here in the room, Granny was sitting in her rocker; Nancy was standing at her side running a comb fondly through the long strands of silvery hair.

"He's very nice, your Bob," said Granny, gaily. "I wish I were your age, Nancy, and could have someone like him come along."

Nancy blushed happily. "Oh, Granny," she said, "he is grand. But of course, he's only a friend."

"That's the way things begin, all right," said Granny, archly. "Just a friend. Then a pal. Then a sweetheart, and then —" She put her arm around Nancy and let her head fall against her side.

"Oh, but you know I won't get married, Granny. You know that I'm going to work for you now, don't you? I'm not going to leave you."

Granny closed her eyes and said:

"Don't say that, child. When I took you, a poor sickly little child, I promised God I'd bring you up and then turn you over to whatever work He wanted you to do. If He wants you to get married and have little ones of your own, that will be grand, Nancy. We won't be sentimental and spoil His plan, will we, dear, even though we do love one another? You won't spoil my promise, even for love of me, will you, Nancy?"

Nancy was young and inexperienced and soft-hearted. She could not

see Granny's real dream, that was locked away inside her mind, that was crying and pleading in the trembling accents of her seemingly simple words. Nancy was young and easily deceived, and though she was crying, she answered softly: "No, Granny, if God wants it that way, I won't spoil it."

And so they clung together, neither speaking for a long time. But the little old lady was looking at the faded flowers on the wall, and the worn spots on the rug, and the spotted varnish near the floor. She knew now that her life work was ended, and her dream was dead.

Foster Parents

Interesting facts about the adoption of babies were brought out recently in an article on the subject by Catherine Mackenzie in the *New York Times*. Some of them are:

In New York City, where there are many foundling asylums and many "not wanted" babies, there are still not enough babies to go around for the number of would-be adopters.

Some childless parents are so anxious to adopt a baby that they say any normal healthy baby will suit them. Others specify every detail — age, race, color of eyes and hair, etc.

Because of the preponderance of demand over supply, the New York agencies have become more select and "choosy" in picking parents for a child than the parents could be. They want to know why the parents want a baby, whether they can support it, what is the family background and reputation, do husband and wife get along together, have they intelligence and common sense, do both want the baby, etc.

Most adopters want a girl, though most parents hope that their first-born child will be a boy. Of 16,000 applications received by one Association, twice as many were for girls as for boys.

Couples, says experience, who are childless, should not wait too long to adopt a baby. Those in their early thirties have a better chance of making a go of it than those in their forties. It is recommended that older couples take older children, for whom there is never so much demand as for babies.

About Time

A reporter was describing the collapse of the famous honeymoon bridge at Niagara Falls. But a slip got by in the night, and the readers of the paper saw this headline in the paper the following morning:

"Honeymoon Bride Collapses After Fifty Years."

ANCIENT CUSTOMS AND THE EUCCHARIST

One of the most interesting historical studies for the Catholic, and sometimes for the non-Catholic, is how the manner of receiving Holy Communion changed through the years. These very changes prove the changelessness of Catholic belief in the Real Presence of Christ on the altar.

H. A. SEIFERT

IT IS needless to say that the doctrines of our holy faith never change. They remain "yesterday and today and the same forever." But the legislation, the liturgy, the rites and ceremonies and other non-essentials of worship have undergone many changes in the course of the centuries. The Church cannot sacrifice principle nor compromise doctrine but she does conform, sometimes with regret, to circumstances of time and place that make a change of discipline and liturgy more or less imperative.

The history of the early church bears ample testimony to the lively faith and devotion of our forefathers which manifested itself in a close association of clergy and laity in divine worship. The communities of the faithful were smaller of course, and thus the laity was able to take a more intimate part in the church services. In comparing the ancient rites with the modern practice it is at once evident that the Church endeavors, whenever feasible, to retain the early customs either in reality or in symbolic meaning. This fact will explain much of her ceremonial which would otherwise be unintelligible.

Many present day Catholics make a sad mistake in considering the Mass and holy communion a matter of private devotion. They seem to have lost that intimate contact with church services which Christians of an earlier age considered so important in their spiritual life. They no longer participate corporately in divine worship as members of the Mystical Body of Christ, submerging themselves in private devotions while the sublime sacrifice of the Mass is being enacted before their very eyes. They take the attitude that attendance at divine worship is purely a personal affair and look upon the celebration of the Mass as the duty of the priest and not their sacrifice as well. Fortunately the

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Liturgical Revival on the part of the clergy and laity which is making rapid strides in the Catholic world today will go far to offset this individualism in piety.

IN THE days of persecution the first Christians attended holy Mass in the catacombs often at the risk of their lives. The daily reception of the Holy Eucharist was the outcome of their intimate association with the holy sacrifice. There is evidence to indicate that they were permitted to receive frequently on the same day if they attended several Masses. They considered it a breach of etiquette to refuse the Divine Food in the house of God as it would be to refuse food in the home of a friend. Leading a perfect community life they also partook of their spiritual blessings in common. They were imbued with the knowledge of their membership in the Mystical Body and thus they eagerly sought corporation with Christ the source of divine grace. Custom allowed even the laity to convey the Blessed Sacrament to the sick and the aged who were unable to be present at Mass. Thus a young acolyte, Tarcisius, was carrying the Holy Eucharist when he was attacked and beaten to death by pagans. Permission was often granted to carry the Sacred Host as a protection when they made long and hazardous journeys.

The usual Mass of that early period was the solemn high Mass celebrated by the bishop. As a spiritual function common to all, the Mass was preceded by the solemn entry of the clergy and laity into the place where the sacrifice was to be offered. To commemorate this we still have the Introit or entrance prayer at the beginning of the Mass. Catechumens or converts still under instruction were allowed to remain only until the offertory. Thus far the service was called the Mass of the catechumens. Then the Mass of the faithful began which consisted in the eucharistic sacrifice properly so called. At the offertory the faithful approached the altar in processional form and presented their donations of wine, incense, candles, oil, fruit or money. These offerings were used for the upkeep of public worship and the support of the clergy and the poor. Orphan boys were chosen to present the water for the sacrifice so that the poor might also share in the offertory. Our modern antiphons or hymns sung at this part of the Mass recall the psalms sung while the offerings were made. After receiving these gifts the celebrant washed his hands. This ceremony, now symbolic of spiritual cleanliness, and the usual offertory collection are retained in the present day Mass.

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THE priest at the Mass, representing Christ, receives our material gifts and in the case of the bread and wine consecrates them, makes them divine. In holy communion our gift is returned to us in the form of Heavenly Food through the boundless generosity of the Creator who thus effects the most intimate union with His creatures.

In the first few centuries of Christianity the fast before communion was not prescribed by law. However Tertullian, about the year 200, already refers to the communion fast and St. Augustine assures us that at the beginning of the fifth century it was universally observed.

At the communion of the Mass all the faithful again approached the altar. The communion of the people which took place at the rail was arranged in the following order: deaconesses, virgins consecrated to God, children, then the men and the women. This order is set forth in the Apostolic Constitutions. All received the Blessed Sacrament standing. The bishop placed the sacred host in the right hand of the men who held the left hand under the right in the form of a throne for Christ the King. The celebrant pronounced the words "*Corpus Domini*" Body of the Lord, and the recipient answered "Amen." The women received the sacred host on a white veil, holding their hand in the manner of the men. This veil was called the Dominical because it was privileged to touch the Body of the Lord. Adoring the Saviour silently they then touched their eyes and forehead with the sacred host and administered communion to themselves. The custom of receiving in this manner prevailed until about the ninth century.

The deacon of the Mass now offered the chalice to each one with the words "*Sanguis Domini, poculum salutis*," "the Blood of the Lord, the cup of salvation," to which the faithful again responded "Amen." After drinking from the chalice they touched their lips with their fingers and as it were anointed their senses with the Precious Blood. Receiving the sacred species from the chalice belongs to the earliest tradition of the church. It is still in vogue among some of the Eastern rites; the practice also continues for the ministers at the papal Mass and at a Mass where a bishop is consecrated.

About the eighth century we find evidence that the laity drank from the chalice by means of a hollow reed or tube. Such tubes were made of gold, silver, ivory or glass. At a solemn papal Mass the Holy Father partakes of the Precious Blood through a golden tube no doubt to commemorate this ancient practice. It would seem that at this period only

those received holy communion under both species who so desired. Sometimes the sacred Host was first touched to the Precious Blood before being administered. Some of the Eastern churches who are allowed to follow their ancient ritual keep up this practice. About the time we are referring to a custom also prevailed of giving a few drops of the Precious Blood to infants. This was done after the public ceremony of baptism which was administered as a part of divine services. In later centuries unconsecrated wine was given to the faithful after receiving the sacred Host. We note a continuation of this rubric at the ordination Mass. Thus also the priest at each Mass today purifies the chalice with wine at what is called the first and second ablution. The ancient Roman Ritual contains this direction, "After the celebrant and the clergy have communicated, what remains of the Precious Blood is to be poured into a large chalice which is then filled with unconsecrated wine as the number of communicants require. For wine even not consecrated yet mixed with the blood of the Lord is altogether sanctified."

THE method of receiving holy communion and the reverence due to the sacred species are shown by the following quotation of St. Cyril of Alexandria in his Catechetical Lectures (A.D. 347). "Approaching therefore come not with thy wrist extended or thy fingers open but make thy left hand as if a throne for thy right which is to receive the King. And having hallowed thy palm receive the Body of Christ saying after it 'Amen'. Then after thou hast with carefulness hallowed thine eyes and forehead by the touch of the Holy Body partake thereof, giving heed lest thou lose any of It, for what thou lovest is a loss to thee as it were from one of thy own members. For tell me, if anyone gave thee gold dust wouldst thou not with all precaution keep it fast being on thy guard against losing any of it? How much more cautiously then wilt thou observe that not a crumb falls from thee of what is more precious than gold or precious stones. Then after having partaken of the Body of Christ approach also to the cup of His Blood, not stretching forth thy hand but bending and saying in the way of worship and reverence, 'Amen' — be thou hallowed by partaking also of the Blood of Christ. And while the moisture is still upon thy lips, touching them with thy hands, hallow thine eyes and brow and other senses. Then wait for the prayer and give thanks unto God who hath accounted thee worthy of so great mysteries."

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Since the year 1415 holy communion for the laity under the form of bread alone is prescribed by law for the Western church. This law was made for hygienic reasons; also because of the danger of spilling the Precious Blood, of the difficulty of obtaining and preserving wine and especially to refute the Hussite heresy which denied the validity of holy communion under one species. There is enough evidence from ancient times to show that holy communion was often administered without partaking of the chalice that there should be no difficulty in accepting this law of the church.

THE study of the liturgy used in early Christian times is both interesting and highly instructive. Each page reflects the love of our ancestors in the faith for the Blessed Sacrament and all that pertains to divine worship. Our Holy Father urges Catholics not so much to witness as to "pray the Mass." This can be accomplished only when the ceremonies of the Mass are properly understood. Then private devotion would yield to a sense of close spiritual union by the exhortation addressed to them after the offertory. "Pray, brethren, that my sacrifice and yours may be acceptable to God the Father Almighty." It is only they who realize the union of priest and people in offering the sacrifice and understand its sacred ritual for whom the Mass constantly opens new avenues of inspiration and who can partake of the Divine Banquet according to the spirit and mind of the church.

Prophecy

"I am profoundly convinced that the time is not far distant when all men who think at all, and who possess the faculty of reasoning clearly and logically, will understand that the highest use to which the human mind can devote itself is the contemplation of God and His relations to man and the physical universe; and that when that time comes I am certain that a hymn of thanksgiving will well up from the heart of America to the Catholic Church, which, through misinterpretation and calumny and slander and in spite of the most powerful opposition, has always held that great ideal before the minds of the people, has always made God and His Christ the basis and foundation of education."—*Senator George W. Pepper to Yale Graduating Class of 1922.*

THE SUICIDE

L. F. Hyland

The man, his face almost concealed beneath the upturned collar of his expensive overcoat, stood in the shadow of one of the steel girders of the bridge, looking down at the water fifty feet below. It was dark and forbidding down there, and there was a murmur like that of sighing as the water lapped about the concrete pylon of the bridge. He reached in his pocket for a last cigarette before — before making his escape.

The smoke billowed from his mouth as he reviewed the situation for the last time. Escape was what he was looking for. Escape from the futility of seeking what could not be found. He had tried everything. Wild orgies of sensuality. Travel and excitement. Drink and dope. And now the last great failure — marriage. He had really loved the girl. She brought back to him faint dreams of happiness in simple things, solid things, holy things. But she couldn't stand him after a few months. No woman could. He demanded too much — gave nothing. He was too much a brute to be treated like a man. The river was the best place for him.

A man passed by as he finished his cigarette. Rather, a semblance of a man. He had no overcoat, and the clothes he had were shabby. The man saw him standing in the shadow and said:

"Got a dime I could have for a cup of coffee, mister?"

The other smiled ironically in the darkness. A dime! what difference could a dime make now?

"Sure, I've got a dime, buddy. I've got more than a dime." He took out a wallet. "Here. Take it all." There was about \$100 in the wallet, and he took it out and thrust it toward the tramp.

"What's the idea?" asked the tramp.

"It's all right. I won't need it where I'm going." He glanced down toward the water.

The tramp took the bills, and stood holding them uncertainly for a moment. Then he said:

"No you don't, mister. I may be a beggar, but I'm no coward, and I won't take money from one neither. Take your filthy money with you — into the river." He threw the bills over the rail and they fluttered and scattered as they drifted slowly down toward the dark water. "So long, coward." He walked off.

The suicide gasped. Suddenly he wanted the tramp to have the money he had thrown away. He wanted to give — and couldn't. To give! That was it! To give! He had never tried that before. To give — and be happy. . . He took one last look at the river and then turned from it and followed the tramp. . . .

BETWEEN ME AND JOE STALIN

Somehow the attention of the world has been distracted from the goings on in Russia the last year or so, or where attention has been given to it, the result was favorable to Russia. Somebody has done a good job of propagandizing the world, and here credit is given where credit is due.

C. DUHART

Dear Joe:

The events of the last few months have served to relegate your name into oblivion. It is because I feel you don't deserve that oblivion, Joe, that I am writing these lines. The head of a Party that can do to death millions of its subjects, surely does not deserve to be forgotten. He deserves to be hu— of course, I mean, to be remembered.

That fanatical neighbor of yours, Adolf Hitler, has certainly managed to grab the spot-light in a big way. But there's something queer about the whole affair, which I can't make out. Without a doubt, Joe, Hitler's method of ridding himself of bothersome persons, his concentration camps, his wild methods of achieving objectives, his prisons and finings and exilings all deserve a great deal of attention in our daily papers. But I cannot for the life of me, see how his planting a \$400,000,000 fine on the Jews, wildly vicious though it was, should earn him more publicity than you achieved in your hey-day of liquidating hundreds of thousands of kulaks (peasants) who wouldn't do your bidding as to the collectivization of their farms.

Now Stal, old boy, I want to see justice done to you. And if I haven't enough influence to force our papers to give you a head-line once in a while, at least I can tell you in this letter that there are some Americans who realize just how important you are in the plan of world affairs.

Joe, I think you're great, and there are many reasons why I should think so. Why look, in Russia there are only about 2,000,000 adherents of the Communist Party out of a population of 160,000,000 people. More than that, the actual rulers of Communist Russia are merely a handful picked from that very small minority group of Communists. How can you do it, Joe? It isn't as if the whole population wanted you, or that you have won prosperity for them. They hate you, and you have managed to reduce them to a lower level of degradation than was ever

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plumbed under the Czars. It wouldn't be much to have your millions of workers march before you in Red Square and cheer your name, if they actually liked you. But to have them do so, when in their hearts they cannot help hating you with a black hatred for what you've done to them—that's real genius, Joe. And all accomplished by troops of soldiers judiciously placed with drawn bayonets to elicit those deceptive shouts of acclamation.

THERE was a young fellow, Stal, an American newspaper man, named Eugene Lyons, who looked upon his appointment to Russia as an "Assignment in Utopia." After he was driven out of Russia for brazenly sending out of the Soviet States uncensored reports detailing the truth, he wrote a book under that name. Now Eugene was a rabid, fire-eating Communist when he left American shores, and possibly he's still one today. But during the years 1927-1934, he passed through a process of disillusionment which ended with his rejection of a socialism "that offers to fill the bellies of its people but retains the privilege of slitting those bellies at will." Now, Joe, no one doubts that you have reserved that delightful prerogative of slitting your subjects' "bellies at will." But the really remarkable thing is that you have never honestly tried to fill the "bellies of your subjects"—and still you reign supreme in the land of the Czars, and still our American papers can fail to see the glory of your achievement. How do you do it, Stal? And how can the press allow your genius to pass by unrecognized?

But back to Eugene Lyons. After his forceful return to the United States, he published a book entitled, "Assignment in Utopia." He painted such a graphic, vivid picture of horrors perpetrated in Russia, that I must go into ecstasies at the thought that you and your gang could do such things to your people, and still be regarded in many quarters as the rulers of a democratic nation. I know you won't mind my referring to your associates as "your gang." Al Capone, our great American citizen, had a gang, but they were sissies and a pack of pikers compared to you and your Commissars.

Lyons writes a very nice account of his stay in Russia, and I'm sure you'd love to read it. He tells of the famous "Demonstration Trials" in Soviet Russia. Clever things, those Demonstration Trials. You always managed to choose just the right men from the thousands of prisoners, to appear at these trials. Then the wild accusations of treason, of foreign

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plots, the abject confessions to demonstrate and to offer some explanation for the failure of the economic plans at home. These trials were also noteworthy in that occasionally short, passing glimpses were revealed of the brutish, third-degree methods going on behind the scenes — glimpses of the thousands of prisoners not brought to trial. Another evidence of your genius. Many of those prisoners if brought to trial might have said things to compromise you. But you always picked the right men. And just between you and me, Stal, what really happened to those fellows who so obligingly turned state's-evidence for you? We've often heard that they were executed or given a prison sentence. Knowing the generosity of your nature as I do, I feel sure that they were properly rewarded for memorizing lines and events which had formed no part of their personal experiences. You're a great guy, Joe.

Then those glorious ranks of the Proletariat — you know the Proletariat which rules Russia — those splendid ranks of starving, half-clothed, vermin-filled Proletariat who stand hours at a time in a food-line, to pay out the earnings of a week for a pound of butter. How can you keep them under your thumb when you treat them so cruelly? And how can men fail to appreciate your power of personal appeal, and fail to fill their newspapers with accounts of your stupendous achievements?

YES, Joe, Eugene Lyons has much to say about these almost endless food-lines, the exorbitant prices, the worthless ruble — all this when foreigners paid special low prices for much better food at designated stores, and the Russian Government exported her best products. Then there was the story of the liquidation of the kulaks — “liquidation” — I like that word — it has such a gentle, soothing sound, and wakens such delightful images of warm blood flowing from a lifeless corpse and bereaved families deprived of their last means of support. You were no half-measure man, Joe. The liquidation of the kulaks practically included every peasant who would not submit to collectivization.

Lyons goes on to speak of the hundreds of thousands of prisoners in concentration camps doing government labor on government projects free of cost for the government — the peasant famine of 1933, when some 3 to 7 millions died of starvation and the strict censorship over that affair — the constant dull dissatisfaction of Russians with the conditions in their country — the day and night dread of imprisonment and torture for some political offense — the third-degree methods practiced on those

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suspected of having "valuta" (gold) to disgorge them of their possessions — the terrible housing conditions and abominable state of the schools — the careless use of figures in official records of the Five-Year Plan, the emphasis on quantity when poor quality made so much of the quantity useless — the Communist mind ready to justify every abomination on the plea that "eggs must be broken to make an omelette."

And still, Joe, you have been ignored to a great extent, and deprived of so much of your meed of glory in the pages of foreign newspapers. A rank injustice, I call it.

What has this fellow Hitler got over you? Assuredly he's one of the arch-villains of the age. But you're no saint yourself, Joe. Why will men persist in ignoring you?

You know there are many points of similarity between you and Adolf — there are your mustaches for instance, which I am firmly convinced play a much larger role in the story of your power than is usually accredited to them. Do you remember the story of Samson in the Bible? But perhaps you don't read the Bible now, though I'm sure your God-fearing mother read it to you when you were a child. Well, Samson was endowed with a vast amount of strength, but no sooner had the long hair of his head been clipped, than he was rendered weak as a babe. His strength was in his hair. And so I think your strength and that of Hitler resides somewhere in your mustaches.

People talk about the power in Hitler's eyes when he addresses an audience. I think they're wrong. His strength lies in the hypnotic influence of that queer looking bit of underbrush under his nose. But what has Hitler on you in this regard? If he affects the Ben Turpin type of mustache, you have your own Rudolph Rassendale twirling mustachios to recommend you. Hitler looks foolish — you look villainous. Your picture strikes the eye more forcibly than does Hitler's. Your deeds vie in villainy and cruelty with his. Why have we heard so much of him, and so little of you? It cannot be, can it, Joe, that Communists are anxious to keep your activities and those of your gang hidden?

BUT above all things else, Stal, you're a magician — a magician whose wizardry dwarfs that of Houdini into insignificance. You and your aids can make pronouncements in Russia, which when they have been wafted over the ocean to American shores, take on an entirely different coloring. In your new Constitution, there is a clause which

grants freedom of Religious Worship and freedom of Anti-Religious Propaganda. Quite clearly the second half of the clause is the more potent provision. It means that anything opposed to religion has free access to the pages of newspapers, to the screen, radio and other mediums of propaganda. But there is no freedom of religious propaganda — and under the term of religious propaganda might be included the opening of churches, the preaching of sermons, the teaching of catechism. All of which absolutely negatives the so-called religious freedom. But salt air can do marvelous things even to words, and when we hear of this new law of the Constitution in the United States, it appears in glowing colors of commendation for the "religious enlightenment" of Russia.

In the 6th World Congress of the Communist International held in Moscow in 1928, these words appear: "The Communists disdain to keep their opinions and intentions secret. They declare openly that their purpose can only be achieved by the violent over-throw of all orders of society that have existed up to the present — may the ruling classes tremble before a Communist Revolt." And Earl Browder can say that before the revolt, "a revolutionary situation" must prevail. If it does not prevail, Communists make it prevail by inciting children against their parents, labor against capital, by strikes fomented not to alleviate unmitigable injustice, but to create the revolutionary situation.

And still when it comes to actual dealings with Communistic Russia, newspapers can speak of "democratic" Russia, and politicians can harangue on the glories of alliances with the Soviet Government.

The Official Government paper "Pravda" can say about religion — "Local authorities must without loss of time throw all the necessary forces on to the anti-God Front. They must declare anti-religious propaganda to be compulsory, and that such work will be considered party-work — we must declare a war to the death on all forms of religion. The fight against religion is the task of the day." And the ABC of Communism, an official publication of the Soviet Government — "Our task is not to reform but to destroy all kinds of religion, all kinds of morality. All religions are one and the same poison, intoxicating and deadening the mind, the will and the conscience; a fight to the death must be declared against them." And Lunacharsky, a public official — "We hate Christianity and Christians — even the best of them must be looked upon as our worst enemies. They preach the love of our neighbors and

mercy, which is contrary to our principles. Christian love is an obstacle to development of revolution. Down with the love of our neighbors; what we want is hatred. We must learn how to hate, and it is only then that we shall conquer the world."

All this and worse, Stal, by a simple wave of your mystic wand, becomes the dove of Communism with the olive branch of peace in its beak, when it appears in the United States. It coos of peace and brotherly love and democracy and co-operation between Christians, Catholics and Communists. It is so soft and sweet and gentle and amiable. Joe, you've got something. How can you get away with it? You're marvelous.

THEN there is that delicious inconsistency of yours and your brother Communists. In Russia, freedom of speech is dead as a door-nail. People have forgotten the meaning of those sounds. In the United States, you are forever clamoring for freedom of speech as your inborn right. And strangest of all — more glory to your diplomacy — you get it, even when you abuse that freedom of speech to demand the destruction of the United States through revolution. You instigate strikes — everywhere your name is linked with violence and blood-shed. And in your native land of Russia, strikes become treason because the Communist State owns everything. You speak of religion as the "opium of the people," and in your hearts you know that the poor peasant, the poverty-stricken laborers of Russia have been drugged and doped and beaten into dumb-dog submission by the fumes and the big stick of Communism.

But perhaps your crowning claim to glory, Joe, comes from your participation in the so-called Spanish Civil War. Let's exchange a wink on that one, Stal. Too bad you're losing out — but what a piece of unscrupulous diplomacy on your part — and what a triumph of sleight-of-hand maneuvers. I actually think some Americans believe that democracy is threatened in Spain by General Franco, and that your hands are unsoiled with the innocent blood shed in Spain. Some Americans still speak of there being no choice between the Nationalists and the Reds. How did you do that, Joe?

And despite it all, Joe, we see so little about you in the papers. That must ever remain one of the mysteries of the age. There are a few of us in the United States who appreciate your activities, and are only too anxious to let the world know how deeply your finger is plunged into the

pie of world affairs. May the glory of your achievements be proclaimed soon in every corner of the globe.

Demons of the Road

Some newly tested facts about the relation between "drinking" and "driving" have been uncovered by Lieutenant F. M. Kreml of Northwestern University. He is one of the nation's experts on the topic of safety in driving.

After a study of 270 persons who after drinking were involved in personal injury accidents, and of 1750 persons who had driven cars after drinking, he was able to establish these facts:

Alcohol is a major cause of automobile accidents.

The largest number of drinking drivers is found on the roads in the early evening and over the week-end.

The majority of drinking drivers are between 25 and 30 years of age.

Women drink and drive as much as men when the number of women driving at various hours during the day is considered.

As blood alcohol content increases, the number of drivers appearing in the personal injury accident group increases out of all proportion over that in the general population.

In other words, a man may think he can drink and yet drive; he may say that he can hold his liquor, yet there is an inexorable law of nature at work to the effect that the more he drinks and the more he drives after drinking, the closer he has come to accident, injury, and possible death to himself or others.

Partners in Profit

A large printing equipment manufacturing company—the Webendorfer-Wills Company—recently sold out to the American Type Founders. John F. Webendorfer and his son laid down two conditions of the sale. One was that every one of the 115 employees in the concern be retained by the new owners; the other was that of the one million dollar sale price, a quarter of a million dollars be distributed among the employees. John Webendorfer explained the action thus:

"What could I have done without these men? They were responsible for the success of my business, and it is only fair that they should share the profits."

A good text, that, for business to meditate, what?

LINES

TO 7,000,000 CATHOLIC READERS

L. F. Hyland

Your names are written
On the Subscriber lists
Of the 300-odd Catholic publications
Edited in the United States of America.
Every week or every month
A Catholic paper or a Catholic magazine
Enters your home.
What are you doing
To capitalize on the power that is yours
To improve your knowledge of your faith
And spread it among others?

Are you among those (for they are many)
Who receive good Catholic reading matter,
But leave it within its wrapping,
Untouched, unopened, and unseen?
Are you like those (they are not few)
Who have judged the total output
Of Catholic papers and Catholic magazines
By one or two shoddy specimens
That should not be published at all?
Are you the type (and the type exists)
That has no use for Catholic publications
Because they do not spread themselves
On sex and sin and photography that smells?
Are you what may be called
A destructive critic (of which the world is full)
Condemning Catholic periodicals among your friends
But never suggesting an improvement
To those who could effect a change?
Are you the niggardly kind (too common)
That has plenty to spend
For secular dailies and picture books and
Dozens of other worldly magazines
But nothing for those that could help you grow
In faith and love and knowledge of God?

This is the month
In which to ask these questions of yourselves,
And then to answer in the language of deeds.
"Take and read" said a voice to Augustine;
He read and became a saint.
"Take and read" says the Catholic Press to you,
And you shall climb the mountains unto God!

LOVER'S LEAP

In which a harried maiden and a maiden aunt, an upper berth and a gentleman's toes become the ingredients of a strange romance.

E. F. MILLER

MARY KUCHERA, 21 years old lacking a day, and arresting to the eye, was riding in a Pullman car for the first time in her life. She was taking a trip from Chicago to Detroit on the Michigan Central for a month's visit to her Aunt Minnie, and to announce to her the glad message that she, Mary, was not getting married. There were two reasons why Mary should make this trip, and why she should not get married.

The first: Aunt Minnie was a lady of great wealth. By retaining her position for many years in the firm of Syme, Syme, Syme and Syme, Legal Advisers, she had accumulated a tidy fortune against a day of rain and unemployment. With this fruit of her labors she did not remain idle as so many others did during the Wall Street Cabal following the seven years of plenty, and hide it in a sock that she had hidden on a hook in her closet; rather, she let it out judiciously here and there for this and that until it grew from a pocket full to a purse full and finally to a bag full. Then retiring from her highly responsible position in the Law, and moving into a mansion in the suburbs of Detroit as grim and dusty as the tomes she was wont to handle, she lapsed into a state of gradual and ever ripening fermentation.

And the second: Aunt Minnie held the conviction that marriage was unadulterated madness, and any girl with brains under her hair who chanced it was untrue to her sex and to society. She herself had ever remained in a state of single bliss and singular blessedness, due in no small measure to the fact that a huckster had once overcharged her for a head of lettuce, and a waiter in a restaurant had shamefully flirted with her before a room full of people, though the truth of the matter was he was only waving her to a better table than the one she occupied. Thus she grew to fear anything that walked in trousers and shaved, and commended this same fear to all her nieces. In fact so strongly did she commend it to them that she promised to the girl who on her twenty-first birthday would visit her in Detroit, the round and

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unheard sum of \$10,000, provided that she was as yet unsnared, and as firmly resolved on ever remaining unsnared, no matter how great the trickery or temerity of the male who might attempt to track her down.

Now this was so much soup to the Kucheras in Chicago. It was not their fault of course, but they were as poor as the mice you read about in churches, there not being enough silver amongst them, even in their teeth, to make a dime. That's why they so joyously kissed Mary off in the I.C. depot up on Twelfth Street and said to her: "Go to it, kid. You'll be twenty-one tomorrow. Don't talk to anybody on the train, and you'll bring back the bacon."

AND so, with Mary as a passenger in an upper berth (to save money) the Michigan Central to Detroit rolled on. She did not sleep well. The constant rumbling of the wheels and the tossing of the car hither and yon allowed her only catnaps, and even these were accompanied by fantastic dreams of hatchet-faced Aunt Minnie on her doorstep with tomahawk in hand waiting to scalp the first niece who could so much as spell the name of man. Weary and worn out she finally decided to get up. It was six A.M. and Detroit could not be far away.

Going through the gyrations and contortions necessary to the process of dressing in an upper berth, she finished down to her shoes, and then poked her head out of the curtains to discover the easiest method of descending to the floor. There wasn't a soul in sight, nor a sound to be heard except a duet of snoring emerging from Numbers 8 and 10 across the way. Evidently the porter who would know the trick of getting out of an upper berth was in another car. Well, let him go. She would solve the problem herself by dropping her little bag to the floor as quietly as possible, and then jumping down after it.

The first part of the program was carried out without mishap. The second was more difficult. Squeezing out between the curtains, she gripped the iron railing and the strap above her head, dangled in the air a moment, and then let go. The high heels of her shoes struck something soft; there was a crunching sound; and this was immediately followed by such a weird and unearthly screech that she stood rooted to the floor.

"Ow-w-w-w-w!" said the voice in a long drawn out wail of anguish. "Oh my, Oh my, Oh my, Oh my!" Then the curtains fell

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apart and Mary beheld a bald-headed, red-faced man, dressed in a long nightshirt, holding the bare toes of both feet between his fingers. Only then did the horror of the situation dawn upon her. Clearly he had been sitting on the side of the lower berth, and she had driven her high heels all the way from the ceiling into the soft flesh of his poor feet. Not daring to offer an apology, stunned by the flow of expressive language, she stood there paralysed.

"So it was you," he cried when his vision cleared sufficiently to see her, "you who come hurtling through the air on peoples' feet. Why, for two cents I'd break your stupid neck. Why, I have half a mind to take you across my knee and beat you till, till —" Pain contorted his features, and again he stooped to soothe his battered feet.

"I'm sorry," whispered Mary. "Truly, I'm sorry."

"Sorry nothing," he shouted, his face livid and his hands clenched. He attempted to rise but fell back gasping for breath. Finally gathering all his strength, he struggled to his feet, and pushed his face to within three inches of Mary's nose.

"I know you're not sorry," he panted. "I know you did it on purpose. That's why you didn't call for the porter and the ladder. I wouldn't put it past you if you made it a practice of going around and jumping on peoples' feet just for the fun of it. You're one of those young snips that needs a thrashing. And by George, I'm the one that's going to do it. I'll show you a little respect, by George, I'll show you!"

He reached for her neck with the evident intention of inaugurating the thrashing with a bit of choking, when suddenly he went flying into his berth as though he had been catapulted from a cannon. The towering figure of a tousled-headed, good-looking young man, dressed in a bathrobe and slippers, stood over him. Giving the object of his attentions one more push, and snapping shut the curtains of the berth, he said cheerfully:

"And that will be enough out of you, my merry friend. Be quiet now and go to sleep like a little man, or we'll chop you up into small pieces and eat you for our breakfast." Then he straightened up and turned to Mary. For a long moment he looked at her. Then he whistled softly, held out his hand, and said.

"My name is Perry — Perry Williams, star reporter for the News with every prospect of speedy advancement. I am twenty-six years old. My home is in Detroit. My parents are dead. I graduated from

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the University of Detroit in '35. I am unmarried and looking for a wife. She has to be a Catholic, of course, and since you're one, I'm afraid you're she — I mean my wife." He held up his hand for silence as Mary opened her mouth to speak. "Don't give me your answer yet," he went on. "It's too early in the morning. Besides you have a smudge on your nose — smoke or something. Just take your time and think it over."

This outburst, following so closely on the other, was too much for Mary's understanding. What kind of a place was this Detroit, anyway? Perhaps Aunt Minnie was right after all — "look out for man, any man, every man; he'll trap you every time." Without so much as a "thank you" for her rescuer, she turned on her heel and marched down the aisle. But a voice trailed her.

"I say, wait a minute; you've forgotten something — your bag." Reluctantly returning, she saw her purse as well as her bag lying on the floor. The purse was open, and out of it there dangled her rosary.

"So that's how you found out," she said as she replaced the rosary and gathered up both bag and purse. "Well, Mr. Williams, if that is your name, I want you to understand that though I am grateful to you for what you have done in protecting me from that horrid man, still I am not in the market just yet for you or anybody else. So your silly words were to the wind. And I hope this will be a lesson to you not to torment every girl you come across the first time you see her."

"Cross my heart," he answered, "you are the first young lady I ever addressed with such pretty words. But listen. Don't you see that it is in the stars and the cards, that the very air about us breathes it, that the birds are singing it from the treetops and the bees from the bushes — namely, that you are to be my wife? How can you stand there so coolly and deny it? How can you escape it? But enough for now. Husbands and wives always quarrel before breakfast. Incidentally, where are you going to take breakfast this morning?"

"That's my business," responded Mary. And once more she marched off like a queen on the way to coronation; but not without a backward glance. There was something nice about that young man in spite of his small talk and foolishness that made her feel sort of funny inside. You see, Mary Kuchera had never possessed a boy friend before, or heard such fancy words.

IN TEN minutes the train came to a stop; and as Mary stepped off onto the platform, there he was again. She'd better get rid of him once and for all or there'd be no telling what might happen. Removing his hat, he bowed low, and waving to a taxi close at hand, said:

"My lady, James awaits." Without waiting for an answer, he took her by the arm, and literally pushed her into the car. "My memory is not so good, but I am sure you said you'd have breakfast with me." Then to the driver. "Pete, take us to Torso's."

Now, if Mary had not been a stranger in Detroit, and if she only had some money in her pocketbook besides the lone quarter that remained after she had paid her fare, she would have shaken off this imperious stranger like a worm off her sleeve. But she didn't know the street car lines, nor the location of Aunt Minnie's house, nor what she was to do for breakfast. And she was getting more hungry every minute. Thus instead of being firm and calling for a policeman she rode on; she even enjoyed a rasher of bacon and eggs at his expense; and wonder of wonders, over her second cup of coffee, she began pouring into his ears, the reason of her trip to Detroit.

"Well, I'll be jiggered," he said when she had finished. "I see right now that your Aunt Minnie needs a bit of bouncing about to be made human. It's merely a matter of lemon in the liver, that's all. But leave it to me. You — don't worry. Leave it to me."

"Leave what to you?" cried Mary in dismay. "You keep out of it." They were now entering the taxi for the second time, and Mary was fumbling for the address of her final destination. "You stay away from Aunt Minnie, do you hear? If I ever so much as see you on the street where she lives, I'll call the police and have you arrested. Is that clear?"

"Does this then mean a final farewell, forever? It can't be, it mustn't be. The gods would weep and hurl their tears like a flood over the whole earth. Oh, woe is me! Sad indeed is the plight of man."

They rode the rest of the distance in silence.

AUNT MINNIE was not a person that one would want to meet in the dark. Openly she espoused styles that had passed away quietly with the Spanish American war. Long dresses, bands around the neck, oceans of lace trimmings, and buttoned shoes — all formed part of her daily wardrobe. And her voice was just as hard on the nerves as the things she wore. After two days of hearing the same old words: "Are

you sure, Mary, that there never has been, is not now, or ever will be a man in your life?" she welcomed the sharp ring of the door bell as it pierced the dim lighting of the ancient chandeliers, and broke in on the dizzy repetitions of the cross examination. A moment later, and Perry Williams walked into the room, followed by a man in clerical black.

"Good evening, Aunt Minnie," he said, paying not the slightest attention to Mary. "I am bringing with me tonight a representative of the Church of Rome of which you are a member to question your allegiance to that church concerning her infallible teaching on the holy Sacrament of Matrimony. Think well before you answer. For all your words are to go directly to the Holy Father, and to be printed in the Daily News."

"Mary!" It was the only word that Aunt Minnie spoke. But it would have withered cactus.

"Mary?" said the young man, seeming to notice her for the first time. "And who is Mary? Not one of your confederates, I hope, in the promotion of your nefarious schemes against love, happiness, and society. But no. She is not a fellow plotter. I see it all. She is a relative, a niece perhaps. I detect the same handsome figure, the same distinguished features. Aunt Minnie, congratulations! Fortunate you are in having so beautiful a niece. And Mary, fortunate you are in having so celebrated an Aunt."

"If it's all the same to you," said Aunt Minnie coldly, "we would like to know the reason of this intrusion."

"Father," he said, "go to it." For an hour the priest discoursed on the grandeur of marriage, its purpose, its divine approbation when all conditions are fulfilled. When he finished and rose to go, he was told not to return; and the same prohibition held for his friend.

But they did return—two nights later; and this time they were three—two priests and Perry. One of the priests was pastor of Aunt Minnie's own parish. The air began to thaw. The third visit consisted of Perry and two well-known Jesuits from the University. The sun began to peep from behind the clouds. The fourth visit brought purple to the house, a Monsignor from the seminary. The sun actually came out and smiled. And so did Aunt Minnie. She capitulated and admitted that perhaps she had been a little too hasty in forming her judgment so contrary to the opinion of the church; she even allowed Perry to take

ST. BLASE AND THROATS

W. M. McINERNEY

PASTORS of souls, especially those who have been on the firing line for years, are wont at times to speak of the feast day of St. Blase, the day on which throats are blessed, as "a great day for our sacramental Catholics." They refer of course, as we might suspect, to those members of their flock, Catholic by persuasion if not Catholics in action, who apparently place far more stock in the Church's sacramentals than in the Church's sacraments, or in her precepts, or even in the ten commandments of God.

There is a great deal of truth in what these good pastors, veterans of the spiritual wars, have to say. We may hate to admit it; yet we are forced to confess that there is a certain portion of the Mystical Body who seem not the least concerned about the Sunday observance or the Friday abstinence or the duties, religious or otherwise, of their state of life, but who would consider it one of the gravest of sins to neglect to receive the blessing of St. Blase on February 3, the blessing of ashes at the opening of Lent, or their strip of palm on Palm Sunday. Such an attitude, even if it involves no superstition, betrays a faulty misconception of spiritual values, a failure, as we say, to put "first things first." It may arise from a misunderstanding of what is essential and what is merely helpful. At any rate, it cannot be sustained. However much we may esteem these aids to piety — and we do esteem them, for they are sanctioned by the Church — they can never substitute for Holy Mass or Holy Communion or for the obedience due to Almighty God and His Church.

Still the Church's sacramentals are not to be despised. They have their proper place in the great struggle for salvation. The mere fact that they have the approval of the Church, that they are contained in her ritual, at times, too, even in her liturgy, speaks volumes in their favor. It means that the Church, Christ's Church and ours, accepts them as good in themselves and beneficial to the souls she is directing along the pathway to God. This is true in general of all the sacramentals. It is particularly true of the various blessing found in the ritual. It is especially true, which concerns us now, of the blessing known as *the blessing of St. Blase*.

IT IS difficult to trace the history of our present day cult of St. Blase. It grew out of a number of legends, particularly one, connected with his holy life and glorious death. That much seems fairly certain. But of its later development and spread among nations and peoples very little has been written; and therefore very little is known.

St. Blase was a bishop and governed the see of Sebaste in Armenia during the early part of the fourth century. In his youth, so the story goes, he applied himself to the study of philosophy, in which branch he made considerable progress. Later he took up the study of medicine with even greater success. His principal ambition, however, was to progress in the science of the saints and in the practice of the love of God. The poor and afflicted also claimed much of his attention. In the course of time he was ordained to the priesthood, and then unanimously chosen by his fellow-citizens of Sebaste, who greatly admired his piety and learning, to be their bishop. For many years he gave himself unremittently to the charge thus providentially entrusted to his care until at length the persecution, everywhere raging in the Roman Empire, forced him to flee from Sebaste and take refuge in a mountain cave outside the episcopal city.

During the saint's stay in the cave God took occasion to show His good pleasure by bestowing upon him the gift of miracles. Great crowds of people, heedless of the danger of capture and persecution, came to him for help in their bodily diseases as well in their spiritual ills. His charity went out to all—so much so that a later writer could remark how closely the holy Bishop resembled our Divine Redeemer in this that "he cured men's bodies while also healing their souls." According to the legend, even the sick and wounded animals, including the most ferocious among them, came to him for relief; and if they found the saint in prayer, they would wait patiently until he had finished, nor would they leave until they had received his blessing.

NOW it happened that, in the year 315 or thereabout, a certain Agricolaus, governor of Cappadocia and Lesser Armenia, was sent by the emperor Licinius to Sebaste with the commission to exterminate all the Christians of that city. The governor lost no time in seeking to carry out the bloody command. Immediately upon arrival he ordered that all the Christians then in prison be devoured by wild

beasts. With this in view, he sent huntsmen into the neighboring forest to search and to gather as many lions, tigers, and bears as they could find. It was thus that St. Blase was eventually discovered. The hunters arrived one day at the mouth of the cave, and there they found the saint standing before it, surrounded by wild beasts of almost every kind and description. "The lion and the lamb, the hind and the leopard seemed to have put off their nature and were standing amicably together as though there had been everlasting peace between them. Some of these he blessed with holy words, knowing that God careth for all things that He hath made; and to others that were sick and wounded he ministered gently, and others he reprehended because of their rapacity and gluttony." Filled with wonder at what they had seen, the hunters returned to Agricolaus to inform him of their discovery. He in turn ordered his soldiers to seize the saint and bring him before his tribunal.

As the saintly Bishop was led back to Sebaste his faithful people, throwing caution to the winds, lined the streets of the city to greet him and implore his blessing. Among the number was a poor woman whose only child was at the point of death because a fish-bone had lodged in his throat and was choking him. Full of confidence in the bishop's power with God, the poor woman begged him to intercede for her child. St. Blase did as he was asked; and as he prayed he begged the God Whom he served for the relief not only of that child, but of all those who in the future would be similarly afflicted. Then laying his hand on the child's throat he traced upon it the sign of the cross, and the child was completely cured. It was this incident, it seems, that gave rise to our modern devotion to St. Blase as patron-saint and protector against all diseases of the throat.

ANOTHER incident along the way deserves mention, if only for the fact that it is recorded in almost every account of the saint's life. Shortly after the miraculous cure of the boy with the fish-bone in his throat, another woman approached. She too was poor, so poor in fact that her only worldly possession consisted of a pig, which a wolf had stolen and carried away. St. Blase had compassion on the woman in her poverty. "He who had obtained power over all the savage beasts told her to be of good cheer for her pig would be restored; and the wolf, at his command, brought it back unharmed."

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At last the party reached the governor's headquarters. The latter commanded St. Blase to sacrifice to the immortal gods, meaning the heathen idols; but he fearlessly replied:

"What a title for your demons, who can bring only evil on their worshippers! There is only one Immortal God, and Him do I adore."

Infuriated at such a courageous answer, Agricolaus ordered the saint to be scourged, then to be cast into a dungeon and left there to die of starvation; but he was providentially preserved through the good offices of the woman whose pig he had restored. Again he was led before the governor. This time Agricolaus, "far more savage than the beasts of the forest, ordered St. Blase to be tortured by having his flesh torn with iron combs, such as are used to card wool. Finding, however, that his constancy was not to be subdued by this or any other torments, he commanded his head to be struck off. Thus the good bishop received the crown of martyrdom; and seven pious women (afterwards put to death for their act) gathered up his blood" to save it from desecration.

There is no mention in any of the legends summarized above of the development and spread of the cult of St. Blase. There is, however, one account of his life that tells of a Grecian physician named Aetius, who, after providing for his patients suffering from throat diseases with physical remedies, was accustomed to recommend a certain prayer to St. Blase. We learn too that the devotion to the martyred saint was known in Germany at least by the twelfth century. From there it spread into other countries, especially in Western Europe, so much so that St. Blase became one of the most popular saints of the middle ages. All classes of people sought his aid in their bodily ills and particularly in throat diseases. Several factors contributed to the spread of his cult. One was the incident related above of the boy who swallowed the fish-bone. Another was the tradition that St. Blase was a physician and wonderful cures were ascribed to him. The people thought it only natural that he who could be the instrument of such remarkable cures here on earth should be far more powerful in heaven.

In England, too, this saint became the object of special devotion. There the people treasured the story of how he had been tortured with iron combs. He became the patron and protector of woolcombers.

As for the particular devotion that we are accustomed to today — the blessing of throats on St. Blase's feast — this seems never to have

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become universal, nor is it universally practiced today. But it has been incorporated into the Church's ritual, as mentioned above, and hence bears the stamp of her approval. In our country now almost every Catholic makes it a point to get his or her throat blessed on St. Blase day. The results, we can safely say, justify so doing. We can never know here on earth all that St. Blase has done for us. There is no record of such things here below; but they are recorded in heaven. So long as there is no superstition involved in our devotion, so long as we do not look upon this blessing as a kind of magic charm, a sort of spiritual rabbit's foot that will bring us good luck, but receive the blessing in a spirit of faith, with a will that is conformed to the will of God, then our devotion is good. The Church is our witness. God Himself is our assurance — for He is ever glorified in His saints.

SO LET us go to church on St. Blase day and have our throats blessed. And, as we kneel there at the altar rail, while the priest touches the two candles to our throat and say in Latin the words that mean "Through the intercession of St. Blase, Bishop and Martyr, may God deliver thee from all diseases of the throat, and from every other evil" — then let us too breathe a little prayer. And before we turn to leave the Church let us pause just for a moment to utter one more word, a "thank you" both to God and St. Blase for the favors of the past.

A little act of thoughtfulness such as that, a little show of gratitude now and then means so much upon earth. Won't it also mean something in heaven?

Blasphemer's Prayer

Here is a parody of the Our Father, put into use in Mexico by the Radicals who have sworn to do away with religion:

"Socialist Father . . . who art not in Heaven, because God does not exist; thou art not hallowed, because holiness exists only in the minds of lunatics. Let thy pure and sincere memory enfold me. Show thy might in burning images, in hanging priests, in destroying churches in town and village. As for our daily bread, we have earned it through our labor, and we shall procure it in the same way tomorrow. We only recognize the debt contracted with the Revolution. We shall deliver ourselves of the theological evil, and we shall lead an active, useful, and social life."

Love of Animals

St. Francis of Assisi's love for animals is wellknown, but he seems to have had a special predilection for birds. For years he cherished the thought of going to see the Emperor, and having him pass a law against the snaring of larks, a practice very common at his time. On Christmas day he delighted in sprinkling the roads with crumbs, saying that the birds too should share in the joy of men on this great feast. The day he died, a great flock of larks wheeled over the house in which he lay and sang their goodbye. Even today in Assisi, at the hour of compline, the birds are fed in the public square, in memory of the gentle Saint Francis.

Prince of Guile

"The great mistake is that we make a romantic picture of the devil. That is why it has taken me so long to get to know him. He is no more and no less romantic or classic than the man with whom he has to do. He is as diverse as man himself, indeed more so. For he increases his variety. With me he has made himself a classicist, because this was necessary in order to catch me, and because he knew that I would not easily connect an equilibrium successfully maintained with the evil one. I did not understand that it is possible to keep a certain balance even in the worst evil, for a time at any rate. I regarded as good whatever was in any way subjected to rule. By moderation I thought I could master evil, and precisely through this moderation the evil one has taken possession of me."—*Gide*.

Let us endeavor so to live that when we come to die even the undertaker will be sorry.—*Mark Twain*.

Vanished Woodlands

During 1937, according to a report of the Federal Forestry Bureau, there were 185,209 forest fires in the United States, an average of one every three minutes. They destroyed 21,980,500 acres of timber and caused more than \$20,000,000 worth of damage. Nevertheless, the number of 1937 fires was 18 per cent less than in 1936, and the acreage of timber land lost just a little more than half that lost in 1936.

There are about 553,846,000 acres of forest land in the United States. All Federal owned forest land, i.e., about 130,776,000 acres, is protected by organized fire control system; while only about three-fifth of State and private owned timber land has any protection. The amount of loss suffered on protected forest land is far less than where there is no organized patrol.

Catholic Anecdotes



ALTERING THE CASE

The secretary of Bishop Dubois once came to him as he sat in his study.

"There is a poor woman at the door who asks an alms," he said. "How much should I give her?"

"How old is she?" asked the Bishop.

"About seventy."

"And she is ill?"

"So she says."

"Then give her 25 francs."

"What! Your Excellency, that is entirely too much. Besides, she's a Jewess!"

"Good heavens! Not a Jewess!"

"Yes."

"Well, that alters the case. Give her 50 francs, and thank her for her visit."

MAN VS. SNOB

One day a man was on trial for murder, and had secured for his defense a lawyer of more than common ability named John Breckenridge. Abraham Lincoln had been exceedingly interested in the case from the beginning; but when the time came for the prisoner's counsel to speak in his defense, there was a surprise prepared for the young Gentryville debater. He had never, until that day, listened to a really good argument, delivered by a man of learning and eloquence, but he had prepared himself to know and profit by such an experience when it came to him. He listened as if he had himself been the prisoner whose life depended upon the success of Mr. Breckenridge in persuading the jury of his innocence.

Abraham Lincoln learned much from the great speech; but he had yet to receive a deep and bitter lesson that day. The lines of social caste were somewhat rigidly drawn at that time. A leading lawyer of good family was a "gentleman," and a species of great man not to be carelessly addressed by halfclad boors from the new settlements.

Abe forgot all that, perhaps not knowing it very well. He could not repress his enthusiasm over that magnificent appeal to the judge and jury. The last sentence of the speech had hardly died away before he was pushing through the throng towards the gifted orator. Mr. Breckenridge was walking grandly out of the court-room, when there stood in his path a gigantic, solemn-visaged, beardless clod-hopper, reaching out a long coatless arm, with an immense hard hand at the end of it, while an agitated voice expressed the heartiest commendation of the ability and eloquence of his plea for his client.

Breckenridge was a small-souled man in spite of his mental power and training, for he did but glance in proud amazement at the shabby presumptuous boy, and then pass stupidly on without speaking. He had imparted priceless instruction to a fellow who had yet but a faint perception of the barriers before him.

The two men met again, at the city of Washington, in the year 1862, under entirely different circumstances, and then the President of the United States again complimented Mr. Breckenridge upon the excellence of his speech in the Indian murder case.

WELL-CONCEALED

An interesting little story is told of Monsignor Flaget, a zealous Baltimore priest who lived and labored some decades ago, when bigotry was more widespread than it is today.

The priest on a journey accepted the hospitality which was generously offered him by a rich Protestant businessman.

After the evening meal, he sat in the parlour conversing with his host and the large family. After a time he began to notice that the children kept staring at his head and feet, and he heard them say to one another, in would-be whispers:

"They don't seem to be there. If they are there, he certainly keeps them well hidden."

The priest said nothing at the time, but later in the evening, when alone with his host, he confessed his curiosity as to what it all meant.

"Well, you see," said his friend, rather embarrassedly, "some time ago we heard a minister give a talk in which he informed us that all priests have horns on their heads, and cloven hoofs in place of feet. Evidently, my children took the ridiculous statement as the gospel truth."

Pointed Paragraphs

QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY

What is the Catholic Press?

It is the sum of all Catholic publications, weekly newspapers, bi-monthly, monthly, and quarterly magazines, published to help Catholics to understand their faith, to know what is going on in the Church, to interpret rightly news of the day, and to find healthy and wholesome cultural entertainment.

You mention weekly and monthly publications. Has the Catholic Press no daily publications?

Yes. There is one daily Catholic paper. One, mind you, in a population of some 20,000,000 Catholics, in a nation where there are Catholic centers with more than a million Catholics within easy reach if there were a Catholic paper to offer them. There is one Catholic paper, not published in a large center, and having a hard time to keep going.

Is the Catholic Press necessary?

It is necessary for all Catholics who do not want to be the victims of the unvarnished secularism and quasi-paganism of the wordly press of the day. One who reads only secular papers and magazines can be weaned away from his faith, made to rebel against the Church by the misrepresentations published concerning her, and morally tainted by overemphasis on the sensational and sinful.

If the Catholic Press is so necessary, why do not more Catholics make use of it?

A partial reason may be that some Catholic publications have been unworthy representatives — from a reader-interest point of view — of the great cause they represent. Poor Catholics take this as a reason for prejudicing themselves against all organs of the Catholic Press. A more universal reason is that Catholics themselves do not realize how harmful is a daily diet of shallow philosophy from secular columnists, of materialistic news-coloring, of reading matter that never gives them a thought about the great religious and moral values of life. Such Catholics come to the point of losing their faith without even realizing it.

What is the duty of one who realizes the need of the Catholic Press for all Catholics?

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First of all, to get acquainted himself with the better Catholic publications. Then to make them known to others. It is estimated that only about half the adult Catholics in the United States take any Catholic paper or magazine at all, and no estimate can be made of the percentage of those who take Catholic publications, but never read them. So there is a vast field to be cultivated. If each Catholic who reads and likes some Catholic paper or magazine would interest one more person to the extent of doing the same, leakage would be lessened, and a strong Catholic body would be made.

MONTH-OLD RESOLVES

The year 1939 is now a month old, and so are its resolutions. Perhaps some of them have already died like infants who inherited too great weakness from their parents to live. With a month's time to look back upon, it is interesting to read the results of the survey made by the American Institute of Public Opinion about January 1st as to the kind of resolutions being made by men and women.

The survey indicated that only about 28 persons out of 100 were interested this year in making any resolutions at all. The rest probably looked on New Year's as a fine occasion for an all-night party, and an excuse for going on a "binge," and now look back on it as the beginning of a two-day hangover.

But to get back to the 28 per cent. Both men and women gave big majorities to the resolution "to save more money." We are still a very mercenary people; we still put money far ahead of everything else among the values of life. Just as the usual first question of an American as to the merit of a work of art, or an antique, or a rare stamp, is "How much is it worth?" — so with resolutions: the first one in importance deals with money. However, let us not be too caustic; perhaps the majority of these people were determined to save more money so that they would have more for charity, etc.

After the money-saving ambition, the women went in, this year, for a series of genuinely worth-while objectives. In order according to number of votes came the resolves: "To improve my character," "to be more religious," "to go to Church oftener," "to improve my disposition," and "to be more charitable." These are spiritual objectives that indicate real progress, and if kept will increase happiness all around.

The men do not give quite such large notice to truly spiritual aims. After the top resolve to save more money, they set out: "To better myself in business," "to stop or reduce smoking." Then comes, among the men, the resolve "to improve my character" and "to be more religious and go to Church oftener."

We wonder what a survey of the same people who answered the questionnaire of the American Institute of Public Opinion in the above ways would reveal if it were made today on what definite steps they took during January to realize their resolves.

RUNNING START

We have time this month to get a "running start" in preparation for the opening of Lent. The great penitential season does not begin until February 22, but in the meantime it is worth-while to give it thought so that its inaugural will not burst upon us like a catastrophe.

What we make of Lent will depend on how we look at it. If we look at it sadly, grimly, glumly, we probably will not get much out of it except a bad disposition. Which will prove rather conclusively that we belong in that sorry class of "sunshine Catholics," who are enthusiastic for their faith when it asks little and gives much, but resentful when it gives little (except hope of heaven) and asks for much.

Or if we look at Lent from a slothful point of view, we shall probably consume a great deal of time excogitating reasons for not doing many of the things that Lent enjoins. Reason — O yes, we must have reasons. Reasons for not fasting ("I'm sure it would make me sick!"); reasons for not doing any particular penance ("My work is penance enough for any man!"); reasons for not going to Lenten services even one evening of the week ("Really, I'm so tired in the evening that I couldn't think of going to Church!"); reasons for putting off confession and Communion until Easter ("I just can't get up in the morning to go to week-day Mass; I can't!"). Hundreds will express themselves thus this coming Lent, thus proving themselves sad victims of spiritual sloth.

The real way to look at Lent is with a spirit of thankfulness, and eagerness to profit by it. After all, God might have decreed that our whole lives be one long Lenten season, with constant feasts, no pleasures or compensations, uninterrupted prayers. Heaven would be worth it even at that. But He was too kind even to his sinful creatures for that. He just asks a little fasting here, a little penance there, a few extra prayers

now and then, and for the rest, He has left many opportunities for pleasure and joy. Don't be an ingrate this Lent — begrudging the little God is asking of you, to give you something you could not deserve yourself by a thousand years of fasting and prayer.

ROOSEVELT, LIPPMAN, THOMPSON

President Roosevelt held up the lamp, and Walter Lippman opened his eyes and looked; so also did Dorothy Thompson; so also did a multitude of newspapers and magazines. What did they see in the light of President Roosevelt's lamp? Something they had never seen before; something that had been cloaked in the darkness of ignorance and unguided training and false traditions and subconscious prejudices and intellectual blindness and a hundred other things intangible and unexplainable which so often darken the minds of sincere and good people to the truth.

But what did they see when President Roosevelt delivered his recent message to Congress? Only this: democracy, the structure strong and fair that houses the happiness and liberty and rights of man, standing on but one foundation — the foundation of religion.

Strange that they should fail to see so obvious a thing for so many years — they who are such scholars of political science, such students of government and governments, such wise commentators on religion. Strange indeed. Priests and learned laymen by the score — editors, writers, lecturers — have been pointing it out as long as we can remember. But people, even the wisest amongst them, did not see. Then all of a sudden the President rises and speaks, and behold! They see.

Better late than not at all. It may have taken nigh unto two hundred years to discover the real meaning of democracy; but finally the knowledge came; and it came through the discovery of the meaning of man.

Democracy means self government, the rule of the people, the harmonious co-operation of men in supplying rulers and laws and safeguards best calculated to promote the common good; it means the guarantee on the part of the people of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Man, on the other hand, means an individual made free and independent by the creator, and endowed with gifts that raise him far above all the rest of the earth's creation; at the same time man means an individual so closely united to his fellowmen by a common Father who is God, and by a common bloodstream which is divine grace, that he

cannot seek only his own interests to the exclusion of all others without bringing hurt to the whole relationship. Man is united to man by divine chains, even by something more binding than chains; therefore man must be charitable, kind, just to man, as he is to himself, or he is destroying himself. I cannot injure my arm without injuring in some way my whole body.

Democracy is an expression, politically, of this union and relationship. It is based on the teaching of religion. Therefore on religion does democracy stand or fall.

A POLITICAL HERETIC

It is related with awe and wonder that a successful woman candidate for the job of Recorder of Deeds in a county of Arizona has recently appointed her political opponent in the election as her deputy for the new term. The winner was a democrat, the defeated candidate a republican. The winner gets \$187.50 a month, the loser \$100 as deputy.

Old political warriors must groan in anguish at the misuse of patronage made possible by winning an election. Why, it overturns all the traditions of the great two-party system. It might lead to dire results if it were followed elsewhere, such as inspiring democrats and republicans to bury the hatchet and use their combined intelligence for the welfare of the country. Worst of all, such a practice may render it all but impossible to conduct an old-fashioned rip-roaring campaign of accusation and abuse against opponents: it may lead to candidates of one party even showing respect and love for the candidates of another.

What makes the procedure utterly unorthodox is the fact that the winning candidate gives so perfect a logical reason for adopting her rival as deputy: "She (the rival) had served several terms as recorder before being defeated in 1932. This is my first term and I want her experience, background, and training."

Frankly, it is sad that an event of this kind should be almost national news — as if it were something rarely heard of at all. Sacrosanct political lines have indeed prevented many and many a capable public servant from doing a tap for his country. The rule has almost become universal: "Better a poor official and a good party hack than a good official and a contrary or indifferent party man for the job."

Let the "big shots" of the political world, both democratic and republican, learn a lesson of real statesmanship from little Mrs. Bettwig, Recorder of Deeds in Santa Cruz County, Arizona.

+-----LIGUORIANA-----+

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

RELIGION

1. *What is Religion?*

By the first precept of the Decalogue we are also obliged to practise the virtue of religion.

It is a virtue which renders to God the honor due to Him. It also includes the duty of venerating

the divine Mother,
From: the angels, and the
Instructions the saints. We should
for the People venerate their relics
and sacred images, for in these we
do not venerate the metal, the
wood, or the canvas of the images,
as the idolaters did, but the saints
whom these images represent to
us.

The vices opposed to the virtue of religion are *superstition and irreligion*.

2. *What is Superstition?*

Superstition consists in giving to God or the saints a false honor, as would be the case if a person gave to the Blessed Virgin the adoration due to God, as some heretics did, or if a person exposed false relics of the saints to the veneration of the faithful, or should publish false miracles. It is also superstition, and a most grievous sin, to give to creatures what is due to God.

Superstition contains four kinds of sin: *Idolatry, divination, magic, and vain observance*.

1. *Idolatry*, such as the worship of the pagans, who adored as gods men who were dead, and even animals, statues, and other creatures.

2. *Divination* consists in seeking by an express or tacit compact with the devil, to know things that are

future or occult, through his agency, as those who try to discover a theft by turning a sieve.

3. *Magic* is nearly the same thing as divination, and consists in seeking to produce, through the devil, any effect that exceeds human power.

All these are most grievous sins, against which God has threatened the most severe chastisements. *The soul that shall go aside after magicians and soothsayers, and shall commit fornication with them, I will set my face against that soul, and destroy it out of the midst of its people.*

4. *Vain observance* consists in endeavoring to attain any object, or get rid of any infirmity or pain, by the employment of certain vain and disproportionate means, such as by uttering certain words, by saying a prayer in a certain posture, with yellow candles, or with the eyes closed, or making the sign of the cross with the left hand. Give up all such vain, foolish practices. Either you expect the favor from God, and in that case these things are not wanted, or you expect it from the devil, and that is a most grievous sin, because it is not lawful to have any communication with the enemy of God.

Abstain, then, from all these kinds of superstition: such as from those signs, cards, or words that persons employ in order to prevent worms from doing injury; to tie up dogs in order to remove pain, stop the flowing of blood, make tempests cease, gain the affections of others, and the like. All these are most grievous sins. Be assured

that all these superstitions are lies, deceits, and thefts; if you believe in them, you will lose not only your money, but your soul also. When you meet with any tribulation, have recourse to the Most Holy Sacrament, to the crucifix, to the Virgin Mary, to St. Antony of Padua, to St. Vincent Ferrer; get some of the oil from their lamps, get a medal of the Immaculate Virgin or a little picture of a saint; so without sinning you will obtain the favor you seek; but if you have recourse to any superstitious means, you will not receive the favor you want, and you will lose your soul.

3. What is Irreligion?

Let us now say something on *irreligion*, which is an irreverence offered to God, and contains three species — *tempting God*, *sacrilege*, and *simony*.

1. A person would be guilty of *tempting God* if he threw himself into a deep pool of water to try whether God is able to save him. To tempt God in such a manner is a mortal sin.

2. *Sacrilege* may be committed in three ways:

First, by offering an injury to a person consecrated to God — that is, by striking an ecclesiastic or a religious. A person who strikes an ecclesiastic or a religious incurs excommunication. It is also a sacrilege to commit a sin against purity with a person who has made a vow of chastity.

Secondly, it is a sacrilege to defile a holy place by any external sin, whether in act, or in word, by theft, by speaking obscenely, by blaspheming God or the saints, etc.

Thirdly, it is a sacrilege to profane holy things, such as to re-

ceive a sacrament in the state of mortal sin, to treat with contempt the relics of the saints, the cross, sacred images, beads, and the like. It would be a still greater sacrilege to employ sacred things as a means of committing any sin.

4. Finally, *simony* consists in buying or selling anything spiritual for a temporal price. Hence, it is a sin against religion to endeavor to purchase by money, service or anything temporal a relic of a saint, absolution from a confessor, any ecclesiastical order, any benefice from a bishop, and other things of the same kind.

SCANDAL-GIVERS

Miserable is the man that gives scandal! Our Lord says: *He that shall scandalize one of these little ones that believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone should be hanged about his neck, and that he should be drowned in the sea.* Is there the least glimmer of hope for a man who is cast into the sea with a millstone about his neck? The Gospel appears to say that there is no greater hope for the salvation of the authors of scandal. St. John Chrysostom writes that the Lord is more inclined to show mercy to those who are guilty of more grievous sins, than to those who are guilty of the sin of scandal.

Is there, then, no hope of salvation for him who has been guilty of the sin of scandal to others? Yes; the mercy of God is infinite; but he who has given scandal must do great penance, and must unceasingly ask pardon of God; he must also repair the scandal by giving good example, by frequenting the sacraments, and leading a life of piety.

Book Reviews

MORALS

A Catechism on Birth Control. By J. F. N. Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Indiana. Price, single copy, cloth 50 cents; paper 15 cents. \$8.00 per 100 plus transportation charge.

This is the sort of book that should be in the hands of all men and women who doubt the wisdom of the Church in condemning birth control. It answers all the usual objections in a clear and forceful manner, treating in turn birth control as a crime against Nature, as the path to national decay, as a menace to social life, as a practice opposed to the teaching of the Bible, as a practice anathematized by the best medical opinion, and finally as a solution of economic problems condemned by economists. The authorities quoted are reliable, the argumentation sound, the presentation sincere. It is a book not only for men and women who are inclined to follow the false reasoning that can be heard in the offices of so many quack doctors, and read in the pages of so many shallow books and magazines; but also for priests and others whose duty it is to teach the truth and destroy error. — E. F. M.

BIOGRAPHY

A Hidden Spouse of Our Lord, Sister Blandine, Ursuline. By Sister M. Hermenegildis Visarius. Benziger Brothers. Price, \$1.50. Pages, 166.

Sister Blandine was an Ursuline of the Calvarienberg Community who died on May 8, 1918, in the city of Treves, Germany. In her life can be noted that strange paradox so often found in the lives of men and women who have attained to a high degree of union with God: the outward appearance of complete peace and tranquility, and the inward struggle with temptation that makes of their life a veritable and constant warfare. So it was with St. Francis de Sales, St. Teresa, and the Little Flower. And so indeed it was with Sister Blandine. She had many of the characteristics of the Little Flower: her love of God, her simplicity, her happy-go-lucky spirit. And her death, and the few months that

Books reviewed here may be ordered through The Liguorian. These comments represent the honest opinion of the reviewers, with neither criticism nor deserving praise withheld.

preceded it, were truly beautiful. This book, which is a compilation of recollections, letters, and notes of Sister Blandine is a strong answer to those Catholics who cannot find consolation in their

holy religion. Sister Blandine found it even in the midst of sickness and suffering. They too can find it if they follow her example. — E. F. M.

SOCIAL SCIENCE

Political Theories and Forms. Compiled and published by St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota. 101 pages. Price: single copy, 30 cents.

This is a manual for study clubs, a companion volume to *Social Concepts and Problems* and *Economics and Finance*. It forms Book III of the Social Problem Series published by the monks of St. John's Abbey in conjunction with a highly successful Institute of Social Study, a project of adult education organized three years ago.

The present manual deals with basic Christian concepts regarding the state, the foundation, purposes, limitations of civil government, and it applies these to the various forms of government now in existence. Like its predecessor this volume consists of popular essays, each dealing with a specified topic. Each essay or chapter is followed by specific questions for discussion. Thus it forms by itself a complete manual for study club work on the topic of Christian political theories and forms.

Detailed criticism cannot be given in this short review; but the essays form an objective study, free from the prejudice evident in much of modern journalism. This reviewer only wonders why there is no special treatment of German Nazi-ism. Some of the statements about the Italian syndicates and corporations, on pp. 70 and 77, are inaccurate as to fact. — R. J. M.

MEDITATION

Strength Through Prayer. By Sister Helen Madeleine, S.N.D. de Namur. Published by Benziger. 108 pages. Price, \$1.25.

Meditations put up in very clear and

practical form are here presented. The author takes a scene from the life of Our Lord, and places on the lips and in the heart reflections that it arouses, developing into prayers of adoration and petition and finally into resolve. Therefore it is a book for the beginner at meditation to use as a model and stimulant. Father Daniel Lord writes a racy preface, but we do not quite agree on the psychological value of his theme: that meditation is so easy and natural to the American youth that all he needs is to be shown the way. It is easy, we agree with him, for the American youth to meditate on romance and "swing" and other earthy topics; but to learn the art of meditation on God and spiritual things requires self-denial and hard work and perseverance, like all the conquests of the spirit. The pitfall of disappointment and discouragement is too easily concealed by the blithe argument: It is all very easy. Rather say: It is hard, but infinitely important and worth while: now get to work!—D. F. M.

DRAMATICS

The Catholic Theatre Year Book. Edited by Rev. Matthias Helfen. Published by The Catholic Dramatic Movement, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin. Mimeographed, 118 pages. Price, \$1.00.

This interesting book contains three parts: In the first, the history and outlook of the Catholic Dramatic Movement is given. The second reviews the potential field of the Catholic drama. The third describes the plays published by the Catholic Dramatic Movement. Those engaged or interested in Catholic stage work will find much that is encouraging in these pages; for Father Helfen, besides being a hard worker, is a confirmed optimist in his views of the possibilities of the Catholic stage. The plays listed, too, are well worth considering for production by Catholic groups,—both for their genuine Catholic tone and for their reasonable price.—R. J. M.

ADVICE

Talks for Young Women. By Aloysius Roche. Published by B. Herder. 158 pages. Price, \$1.35.

This work is sub-titled as a "selection made from retreats and conferences." The selections, we believe, are of unequal merit. They are directed to young women just out of school, and the author has succeeded well in selecting topics that

are of interest and importance to this class of young people. The need of self-education when school days are over, the importance of a planned mode of living, the dangers of wanting to be a success, body culture, marriage versus career—these are some of the topics. The treatises are short and not profound—indeed they rarely probe very far beyond natural reasons for the middle path of virtue. An exception is the treatise on human affection—which is a good analysis of the real meaning of love and the true object of all true love. In saying that the book is not profound we are probably criticizing the author for the lack of something he purposely sidestepped in order to meet the character of minds not yet profoundly developed. Yet we do think philosophy and supernatural religion could have more place in any series of talks to young people.—D. F. M.

PAMPHLETS

The Equality of Women: A Catholic View. By Mary G. Hawks. Published by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. 15 pages and cover. Single copy, 10 cents postpaid; lot prices.

Mary G. Hawks attended the convention of the *International Union of Catholic Women's Leagues* in Brussels. The delegates discussed feminism and especially the Catholic woman's attitude and part in it. Here is her answer, then, to the question: What Do We Mean by Equality?—A short, but refreshing and inspiring answer.—M. S. B.

World War on God. By Victoria Booth Demarest. Published by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. 22 pages and cover. Single copy, 10 cents postpaid; lot prices.

It is said that fire must be met with fire—propaganda, then, may be fought by propaganda. And this pamphlet is directed not against Communism but *Atheistic Communism*. America, the United States, has undoubtedly recognized the existence of God and belief in Him. Will it be able to resist the rising tide of communistic unbelief?—M. S. B.

The Way of the Cross. By Rev. Raymond J. O'Brien. Published by The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. 16 pages.

A handy little Way of the Cross. The brief meditations strike a quite personal note. It is intended, perhaps, for individual rather than congregational use.—M. S. B.

Lucid Intervals

Author: "This is the plot of my story. A midnight scene. Two burglars creep stealthily toward the house. They climb a wall and force open a window and enter the room, the clock strikes one."

Sweet Thing (breathlessly): "Which one?"

Hostess (gushingly): "You know, I've heard a great deal about you."

Prominent politician (absently): "Possibly, but you can't prove anything."

"Pardon me for a moment, Mrs. Jones, but before beginning this dental work I must have my drill."

"Fo' de lands sake, man, can't you all pull a tooth without a rehearsal?"

Young Wife: "What is this ticket, darling?"

Hubby: "Only a pawn ticket."

Young Wife: "Why didn't you get two, then we could both go?"

"I know a fellow who always counts a flock of sheep, one by one, before going to bed."

"Oh, is he an insomnia victim?"

"Heavens, no! He's a Scotch sheep herder."

Mr. Bronson died very suddenly and an important business letter was left unmailed.

Before sending it off, his secretary, who was Irish and who had a passion for explanatory detail, added the following postscript below Mr. Bronson's signature:

"Since writing the above, I have died."

"That fellow must live in a very small flat."

"How can you tell?"

"Why, haven't you noticed that his dog wags his tail up and down instead of sideways?"

An absent-minded Prof went into a shop to buy a jar. Seeing that one was upside down he exclaimed, "How absurd! The jar has no mouth!" Turning it over he was once more astonished. "Why, the bottom's gone, too!" he ejaculated.

"This tonic is no good."

"What's the matter?"

"All the directions it gives are for adults, and I never had them."

There was a young man from Chicago,
Who wanted to see a buzz-saw go,
So he put down his face
Very close to the place,

And the doctor said, "Where did his jaw go?"

And then there's the sad case of the
Scotchman who sprained his ankle
squeezing a tube of toothpaste.

Rastus—I got me an electric razor.
Moses—Huh! You is up-to-date.

Rastus—Yas, suh! I electrocutes mah opponents!

In the Freshman class of one of our smaller schools, there were three American boys and one Chinaman who ate at the same table. The Chinaman being outnumbered, was hazed quite a bit by the Americans. However, he never complained, and the Americans, feeling bad about their pranks, approached the Chinaman one day. "Wong," they said, "We have decided to quit putting salt in your tea and pepper on your salad." Wong replied, "Velly well, then I will quit spitting in your coffee."

"Pardon me," said the stranger, "are you a resident here?"

"Yes. Been right here for nigh on 50 years. What kin I do for you?"

"I'm looking for a criminal lawyer. Have you any here?"

"Well, we're pretty sure we have, but we can't prove it."

Silas Clam
Lies on the floor,
He tried to slam
A swinging door.

Doctor—Hmm, let's see. Are you ever troubled by a buzzing in your ears and lights flashing before your eyes?

Sweet Thing—Oh, constantly, doctor, constantly. I'm a switch-board operator.



